

Courtly New Ballad of the Princely wooing of the fair Maid of London, by King Edward.
The Time is,
Bonny sweet Robin.



gel of England thy beauty most bright,
my hearts pleasure, my joy and delight,
me sweet Lady thy true love to be,
say welcome good fortune to me.
so chaste and true in her love,
persuasions her fancy will move,
increased fair Lady in vain,
requireth what I should obtain.
so famous that liveth alone,
chastity being but one,
my darling so chaste in desire,
the Phoenix dost penance in fire.
little Lady I pity thy state,
loved to live without mate,
courtting the pleasure thou knew,
be a liking the same to ensue.
have sued the same to obtain,
ruined with scornful disdain,
all grant your good will unto me,
advanced to Prince y degree.
and honour may often entice,
that liveth though never so nice,
so worthy but could be content
allace where Princes frequent.
ing & princely to Church I have led

Yet hath thy love taken more root in my heart,
Then all their contentments wherof I have part.
Your gentle heart cannot mens tears much abide,
And women least angry when most they do chide,
Then yield to vie kindly and say that at length
Shen do want mercy and pooz women strength.
I grant that fair Ladies may pooz men resist,
And Princes may conquer and love who they list,
A King may command her to lye by his side,
Whole feature deserveth to be a Kings bride.
In granting your love you shall purchase renown,
your head shall be deck'd with Englands fair crown,
thy garments most gallant of gold shall be wrought
If true love with treasure with thee may be bought.
Great Ladies of honour shall tend on thy train,
Most richly attired with scarlet in grain,
My Chamber most princely thy person shall keep,
Where Virgins with musick shall rock thee asleep.
If any more pleasures thy heart can invent,
Command them sweet Lady thy mind to content,
For Kings gallant courts where princes do dwell,
Affords such sweet pastime as Ladies love well.
Then be not resolved to dye a true Maid,
But print in thy bosome the words I have said,
And grant a King favour thy true love to be,
That I may see thee

The Fair Maid of Londons answer to King Edwards wanton Love.



Oh Wanton King Edward thy labour is vain,
To follow the pleasure thou canst not attain,
With getting thou lookest, and having dost wast it,
The which if thou purchast is spoilt if thou hast it.
But if thou obtainest it thou nothing hast won,
And I loosing nothing yet quite am undone,
But if of that jewel a King do deceive me,
So he can restore though a Kingdom he give me.
My colour is changed since you saw me last,
My labour is vanished, my beauty is past,
The Rose red blushes that sat in my cheeks,
To paleness is turned which all men dislikes.
I pass not what Princes for love do protest,
The name of a Virgin contenteth me best,
I have not deserved to sleep by thy side,
For yet to be counted for King Edwards bride.
The name of a Princess I never did crave,
So such tips of honour thy hand-maid will have,
My breast shall not harbour so lofty a thought,
For he with rich proffers to wantonness brought.
If wild wanton Rosamond one of our sort,
Had never frequented B. Henries hye Court,
Such heaps of deep sorrow she never had seen,
For tasted the rage of so jealous a Queen.
All men have their freedom to shew their intent,
Who then can impute to them any fault?
Who still go upright until men do fault.
'Tis counted a kindness in men for to try,
And vertue in women the same to deny,
For women unconstant can never be prob'd,
Until by their betters therein they be mov'd.
If women and modesty once do but sever
Then farewell good name and credit for ever,
And Royal King Edward let me be exil'd,
Ere any man knows my body's defil'd.
So, no, my old fathers reverend tears,
To deep an impression within my heart bears,
For shall his bright honour that blot by me have,
To bring his gray hairs with grief to the grave.
The heavens forbid that when I shall dye,
That any such sin upon my soul should lye,
If I have thus kept me from doing this sin,
My heart shall not yield with a Prince to begin.
Come rather with pity and weep on my tomb,
Then for my birth curse my dear mothers womb,
That brought forth a blossom that stained the tree,
With wanton desires to shame her and me.
Leave me most noble King, tempt not in vain,
My milk white affection with lewdness to stain,
Thou England wilt give me no comfort at all,